

TWO ENEMY SUBMARINES CAPTURED BY THE ITALIANS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

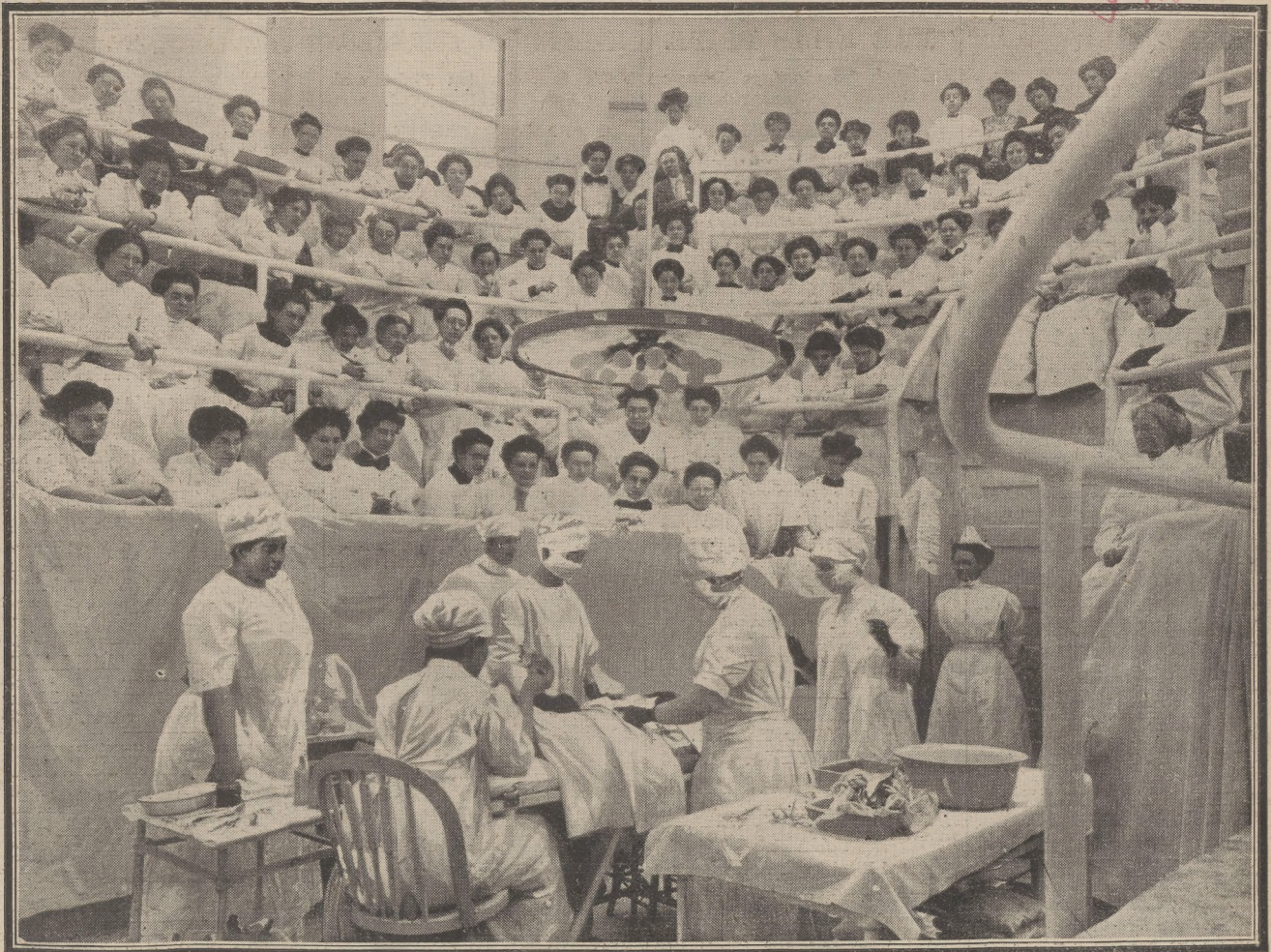
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One Halfpenny.

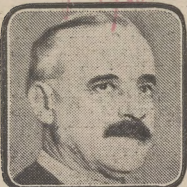
THE GROWING SCARCITY OF DOCTORS—GIRL STUDENTS WATCH WOMEN SURGEONS AT WORK.



Though it has been found impossible to accept the services of American doctors at the front, a large number are coming to England to attend to the civil population, and this will release for the Army a number of men now engaged in private practice. The short-

age of doctors is being felt all over the world, and women are filling the gaps in ever-increasing numbers. The photograph shows girl students watching women surgeons performing an operation at Pennsylvania. Men are not permitted to take the course.

£44,000 CHEQUE.



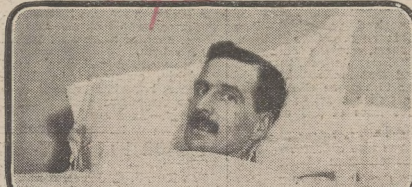
Mr. Heath Harrison, who has made a second donation (£44,000) to the Union Jack Club.

SIGNALMAN J.P.



Mr. Philip Hewlett, formerly a railway signalman, who has been elected a J.P.

AN INVESTITURE IN BED.



Lieutenant W. L. Whitehouse, an Australian officer, who was decorated with the Military Cross while lying in bed. Sir Douglas Dawson represented the King.

MILITARY MEDAL.



Private Edward Johnson (Royal Fusiliers), who was recently awarded the Military Medal.

A NEW AWARD



Lieutenant W. C. W. Grace, one of the first officers to win the Meritorious Service Medal.

NEARLY £300,000,000 FOR VICTORY LOAN.

Empire's Golden Bullets
That Will Win the War.

EVERYBODY LENDING.

Millions upon millions of money are pouring in for the great War Loan.

The £200,000,000 mark has already been passed, and it was estimated last night that a sum approaching £300,000,000 has now been secured.

Nothing is more remarkable than the truly Imperial character of the loan. This was proved by a visit to the Lombard-street office on Saturday. Throughout the whole of the morning the applicants included not merely inhabitants of the United Kingdom, but people from the farthest ends of the Empire—Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans and Indians.

All the leading City banks and biggest post-offices were working at enormous pressure.

MORE BIG SUBSCRIBERS.

The wealthy City magnates, of course, do not find it necessary to call at the head office. They conduct their mammoth undertakings through the Bank of England and the other big banks, and, so far as outward publicity is concerned, nothing is known of it until the announcement that some hundreds of thousands or more have been invested by such-and-such a firm or corporation.

Amongst the latest subscriptions are the following:—

Royal London Insurance Offices	£250,000
(making their total holding £1,202,000).	
Liverpool Victoria Legal Friendly Society	1,000,000
(including conversions).	
Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd.	250,000
Messrs. Bryant & May, Ltd.	25,000

Messages yesterday show that a record business in War Loan stock was done in the leading provincial cities and towns on Saturday, the subscribers embracing a large percentage

DATES TO REMEMBER.

- Feb. 16—Last day for subscribing.
- March 2—First instalment due of £15.
- March 13—Temporary allotment letters and scrip issued.
- March 23—Second instalment due.

of the working classes, who made full use of the facilities provided by the War Loan.

In the outskirts of London the pressure on bank staffs on Saturday was enormous. Such neighbourhoods as Streatham, for example, where the residents may be described as fairly well-to-do, have evinced a keen desire to "take up" the investment.

At Golders Green a favourite residential resort of the theatrical and music-hall profession, the money has poured in liberally. The same observation applies to Hampstead and to such localities as Kent and Richmond.

The municipal authorities in London and all over the country are pledged to lend their utmost support to a great national campaign. An example of thoroughness is being set by Hammersmith, where a house-to-house canvass is being organised.

POINTS FOR INVESTORS.

The new war stock will be as realisable as a £5 Bank of England note.

If your bank balance is small, ask your banker to advance you money for the loan on your securities.

The 5 per cent. "liable to income-tax" stock at 95, and the 4 per cent. at par, are both tip-top investments.

In buying 5 per cent. you are speculating on an early end of the war and the prospects of a lower income-tax. Both events will cause a rise in the market value of the stock.

If you buy the 4 per cent. loan you compound the present rate of income-tax as long as the loan lasts.

The 5 per cent. War Loan at 95 can be obtained through the Post Office. Amounts may be as small as £5.

Payment must be made in full at the rate of £4 15s. for every £5 of stock at the time of application. A receipt will be given and exchanged later for a certificate.

Remember that the State wants new money. So you will not assist your country by draining your savings out of the Post Office and putting them into the new loan.

THE MOTHERS' "MITE."

Bank Director to Show Women
How to Help Their Soldier Sons.

Women who attend South London's giant Economy Exhibition, which will be opened at Dulwich Baths to-day, cannot fail to see the connection between domestic economy and the War Loan.

Mr. Kinderley, who is chairman of the National Savings Committee and a director of the Bank of England, will tell South London mothers just what the loan is, how they can help and what it means to their soldier sons.

After that the visitors will study the many economy plans, which comprise fuel-making from refuse and boot-soling with bicycle tyres.



A flooded communication trench on the western front.—(Official photograph.)

WAR KILLS PRIDE.

Ruhleben Guards Less Arrogant
As Germany's Chances Dwindle.

"LONGING FOR PEACE."

Nine more repatriated prisoners from Ruhleben Camp arrived at Gravesend by the Flushing boat on Saturday night. One was so ill that he had to be taken away in a motor-car.

Six of the men—all of whom were over fifty-five years of age—said they had been interned since the beginning of the war. Asked as to the conditions of the camp, they stated that during the last eighteen months the conditions had greatly improved. Previous to that they were very bad.

The camp elected a superintendent, or food controller, to organise the economic arrangements of the camp. His duty has been to see that the food went round and that there was enough for all.

Since the arrival of the corned beef from England he has seen that every prisoner gets a slice of meat per day. To this is added bread, flour, cereals, preserved vegetables and other things from England, which supplement the so-called soup served out by the Germans, in which there is no longer any necessity to hunt for pieces of meat.

Prisoners subscribed for the erection of two large ovens and boiler in the camp, and these, with the food, have made them somewhat independent of the German supply.

The demeanour of the guards has undergone a great change. At the beginning of the war the prisoners were strictly treated. There was no courtesy or kindness and everything was carried out in a high-handed manner.

Now all the guards have been to on or other of the fronts and have discovered that the likelihood of Germany winning is somewhat remote, added to which the pinching of their stomachs has done away with much of their arrogant pride. All they long for is peace, and the sooner it comes the more, they think, Germany will save from the wreckage.

PAY OR FIGHT.

Buy War Loan or No Exemption
Says Shardlow Tribunal.

Investments in the new War Loan or in War Savings certificates were made a condition of exemption at Shardlow Tribunal on Saturday.

BERLIN WITHOUT BREAD?

Reported Plight of Enemy Capital
Owing to Floods Stopping Trains.

A Swiss telegram to the Wireless Press states that Berlin is without bread.

Trains which have been awaited from Rumania with cereals have not arrived, owing to the floods, which have destroyed the bridges over several rivers, adds the message.

SECRET ABSINTHE.

£7,000 Fine in Paris for Selling
658 Bottles of "Elixir."

PARIS, Saturday (received yesterday).—Two customers were caught yesterday at the Café Mollard, near the Gare Saint Lazare, carrying ten bottles of absinthe, labelled "Elixir Mollard."

Investigation showed that Mollard had sold 658 bottles of absinthe to various clients. He was brought before a police court to-day and condemned to pay 153 fines of £40 each, in addition to £1,600.

The confiscation of his goods and the closing of his establishment was also ordered.

TUB-FOR-"TOMMY" PUZZLE.

To-day as Puzzle Day. A million word puzzles will be offered for sale at 6d. each within a six-mile radius of Charing Cross.

With the proceeds metal baths will be sent to the various fronts.

KILLED 10 ENEMIES.

V.C.'s Singlehanded Fight with
Foe—Trench Cleared.

HERO'S SACRIFICE.

"His conduct throughout the day was magnificent."

This is the richly-merited comment of the military authorities upon the superb valour of Private John Cunningham, of the East Yorkshire Regiment, who has just received the V.C. Cunningham's "most conspicuous bravery and resource during operations" is thus described in the London Gazette:—

"After the enemy's front line had been captured, Private Cunningham proceeded with a bombing section up a communication trench."

"Collecting all the bombs from the casualties, this gallant soldier went on alone. Having expended all his bombs, he returned for a fresh supply and again proceeded to the communication trench, where he met a party of ten of the enemy. These he killed and cleared the trench up to the enemy line."

Another hero who has gained the V.C. is Private David Ross Lauder, Royal Scots Fusiliers.

He received the highly-coveted honour for "most conspicuous bravery when with a bombing party retaking a sap."

Private Lauder threw a bomb, which failed to clear the parapet and fell amongst the bombing party.

"There was no time to smother the bomb, and Private Lauder at once put his foot on it, thereby localising the explosion."

"His foot was blown off, but the remainder of the party through this act of sacrifice escaped unhurt."

WAR ON NEUTRAL SHIPS.

U Boats Busy—700 Bags of Mails
Flung Into Sea.

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.—Several incidents indicate that the Germans have begun their much-advertised sharpened submarine war.

According to the *Skanska Aftonbladet* the Swedish steamer Ingelberg was two days ago stopped by a German submarine in the North Sea. Three Germans with revolvers boarded the steamer and forced the crew to jettison the whole of the mails, which comprised 700 bags of letters from England and France for Russia, Rumania and Japan. The steamer was then ordered to go to Gothenburg.

The Danish steamer Turbog (2,056 tons) was torpedoed; the crew being saved.

The Danish steamer, captured by a German destroyer near Halmstad while undoubtedly within Swedish territorial waters was the Thyra.—Exchange.

Lloyd's reports that the Norwegian steamer Vestfold (1,885 tons) has been sunk.

SENT HOME TO DIE.

Belgians Return Starving and Ill
from German Exile.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—Reports from Belgium state that the Germans are sending back many deported Belgians because they are unfit to go on working under the present food conditions.

After three months in Germany the returning workmen come back almost dying, and, indeed, 70 per cent. of those sent back die shortly after their return.

The returned exiles tell terrible stories of hardship, exposure and ill-treatment. Their accounts have been placed on record and sent to the American and Spanish Legations at Brussels.—Exchange.

PASTOR FOR SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS.

The Rev. J. C. Jones, a native of Castle Donington, ex-president of the Baptist Union, died yesterday at his residence, Charnwood, Spalding, in his ninety-fourth year.

He was for sixty-seven years pastor at Spalding Baptist Church, and retired at the age of ninety. He had been a member of the Spalding Board of Guardians for fifty-two years.

BAKERS WHO SELL SHORT-WEIGHT BREAD.

Food Controller Asked to
Protect the Public.

SUPPLIES OF SUGAR.

"Weigh your loaves." That advice has been rendered necessary recently, as it has been found that in some cases loaves of less than the standard weight have been offered to the public.

Bread is the first purchasable commodity necessary to existence.

During a great war people are often forced to do without the superfluities and luxuries of life. But they cannot do without bread.

The problem of a nation's bread supply becomes at such a time a matter of paramount importance, and it is the business of a Government to see that bread is fairly and evenly distributed to all classes of the community.

A memorial in relation to the sale of bread has been forwarded to Lord Devonport, the Food Controller, by Mr. Kingsley Wood, of the London County Council.

The memorial states that the hardship imposed by the rapid increase in the price of food could be considerably modified by the adoption of certain regulations and restrictions.

DEFECTIVE LAW.

The present law relating to the sale of bread is, it states, unsatisfactory, there being no provision that a loaf should be of any fixed weight.

Although bread is made into loaves nominally of 2lb. and 4lb. in weight, in practice such loaves frequently weigh considerably less, and in such cases the public do not receive the bread for which they pay.

The memorial points out that no punishment is provided for giving short weight.

The legislative provisions obtained by the Glasgow Corporation are cited whereby bakers have to impress in distinct figures on every loaf its imperial weight, but, it is stated, these provisions do not apply to the country generally.

The memorial concludes with the following recommendations:—

1. That all bread should be sold by weight in quantities of 1lb. or multiples of 1lb., the sale of "fancy bread" being prohibited.

2. That there should be imposed in distinct figures on every loaf its exact weight.

3. That appropriate penalties should be imposed for any infringement of the law.

Regulated Sugar Supplies.—At a meeting of the council of the Metropolitan Grocers, Provision Dealers' and Bakers' Association, it was stated that the Sugar Commission had decided that the supplies for this month would be equal to 50 per cent. of the average monthly supplies for the whole of the year.

It was intimated that Lord Devonport had agreed that where new demands were made upon the trade in any district owing to a new population occupying the district, if application was made to the Ministry of Food in equalities thus created might be adjusted.

THOUSANDS FOR THE LAND

Mr. Neville Chamberlain's Plans
Almost Complete.

Some interesting announcements are expected within the next few days concerning the combination of men from the non-essential occupations.

For some days past Mr. Neville Chamberlain and his staff have been working early and late on the scheme to be met.

It is stated in North Wales that Mr. Chamberlain intends to transfer the slate quarrymen of North Wales to the land. The industry gives occupation to many thousands of men.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Prince Home from the Front.

The Prince of Wales spent the week-end at Sandringham.

Austrian Emperor Gives Way

At the Pope's request, the Austrian Emperor, says a Rome message, has forbidden the bombardment of undefended cities.

Turks on Italian Front.

Numerous Turkish contingents, clad in Austrian uniforms, are says a Rome message, being concentrated on the Italian front.

Hindenburg Ill?

Despite the denials in the German papers, says a Rome message, dispatches from Berne say that Hindenburg is seriously ill.

Given Up by the Sea.

Identified by a disc, the body of another of the crew of the Zeppelin wrecked off the Durham coast was washed ashore yesterday.

Reichstag Member Killed.

The *Tagblatt* states that the second member of the German Reichstag who died in the war was Mr. Meding, says a Copenhagen message, the first being the Socialist, Dr. Frank.

Deputy Director of Military Trains.

Mr. E. A. Prosser, general manager of the Rhymney Railway Company, has been appointed Deputy Director of Military Train Movements at the War Office, under Sir Sam Fay.

TWO U BOATS CAPTURED—FOE MENACE TO GALATZ

Italy Adds an Enemy Submarine to the Naval Force—Bombs on Pola.

DAY AND NIGHT ACTIVITY BY BRITISH.

Kaiser to Send Birthday Manifesto to "Civilised World"—Meeting of Monarchs at Berlin.

The chief features of yesterday's news were:—

TWO U BOATS CAPTURED.—The Italians report the capture of two Austrian submarines, one of which had been ceded by Germany to Austria. This has become a unit of the Italian torpedo-boat squadron. Our Ally's airmen have dropped bombs on Pola.

KAISER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.—The Kaiser is to celebrate his birthday by a Council of enemy Rulers in Berlin, who are to issue a manifesto to the civilised world. The German Centre-Party has forbidden peace talk until peace has been won by "annihilation of the enemy."

RUMANIA.—Berlin claims capturing Vadeni, on the Braila-Galat railway. It is about one mile south of the Sereth and about two and a half miles from Galatz.

ACTIVITY IN THE WEST.—The British, says a French writer, have established on the whole of their front a continued war of attack. Last night's bulletin from Sir Douglas Haig announced further successful enterprises.

ITALIANS CAPTURE TWO ENEMY SUBMARINES.

Allied Air Raid on Pola—Hydroplane's Fight Against Odds.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

The enemy submarine U.C.12, which the German Navy had ceded to that of Austria-Hungary, has fallen into our hands and has become a unit in our torpedo-boat squadrons.

Another enemy submarine belonging to the Austro-Hungarian Navy is also in our possession.

Italian and French hydroplanes yesterday effected an offensive reconnaissance over Pola, dropping bombs on enemy units.

Counter-attacks were made by enemy aeroplanes, which were repulsed in an aerial fight. One of our hydroplanes fought three enemy aeroplanes one after another and drove them off.

Bombs were dropped by enemy aeroplanes on our torpedo-boats at sea without effect. All our aerial and naval units returned undamaged to their base.—*Reuter.*

KAISER'S BIRTHDAY CARD TO THE CIVILISED WORLD.

"Peace To Be Won by the Annihilation of the Enemy."

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—It has been decided in Germany that on the occasion of the Kaiser's birthday the three allied rulers, or their representatives, shall come to Berlin and attend the celebrations with a view to the issue of a manifesto to the civilised world thrusting the responsibility for the war on to the shoulders of the Entente nations.

The Austrian and Bulgarian Sovereigns will visit Berlin in person, but the Sultan of Turkey, owing to his age, will send the Heir Apparent to represent him.

The Cologne *Volkzeitung*, commenting on the Kaiser's appeal to the German people, says: "The Allies' peace terms are terms of plunder."

According to the Essen papers, at a meeting in that town of the Roman Catholic Centre Party it was decided to forbid peace talk in Germany until peace had been won by the annihilation of the enemy.—*Exchange.*

ITALIAN GUNS BUSY.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

On the Trentino front there has been activity of both armies. By accurate fire we disturbed important enemy movements behind his lines. Along the Julian front (Carso) artillery action was restricted by the bad weather, which, however, did not prevent the usual and effective activity of our patrols.

"ENEMY THROWN BACK."

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

Macedonian Front.—Between the Vardar and Lake Doiran (Carso) artillery action against our positions south of Stoyakovo were without success.

AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.

Yesterday morning our troops counter-attacked and threw the enemy back beyond the Cerava.—*Reuter.*

BELGIUM SENDS A REPLY TO MR. WILSON'S NOTE.

The Only Peace She Can Accept Despite Her Terrible Sufferings.

Belgium's reply to President Wilson's Peace Note was issued shortly before midnight last night.

After paying tribute to the sentiments of humanity which caused the President to send the Note, the Belgian Government says it would like to see, as much as Mr. Wilson, a speedy termination of the war.

"But," the reply goes on, "the President appears to believe that the statesmen of the two opposing camps are pursuing the same war aims."

"Unlike the Central Powers, Belgium has never had any ideas of conquest."

The barbarous manner in which the German Government has treated, and still treats, the Belgian nation does not allow us to presume that Germany will trouble in the future about guaranteeing the rights of weak nations which she has never ceased to trample under foot since the moment when the war, let loose by her, began to decimate Europe.

A REWARD FOR LOYALTY.

"Previous to the German ultimatum Belgium only desired to live on good terms with all her neighbours. She carried out with scrupulous loyalty towards each one of them the duties imposed upon her by her neutrality."

"If Belgium has been rewarded by Germany for the confidence she displayed towards her?"

"Without notice, without reasonable grounds her neutrality was violated, her territory invaded and the Chancellor of the Empire, in announcing to the Reichstag this violation of right and of treaties, was obliged to acknowledge the iniquity of such an act and to promise that it should be repaired."

The Belgian reply then goes on to speak of suffering inflicted in the country by the Germans in the way of forced money levies, wilfully ruined industries and deportations.

"If any country has the right to claim that it is to be respected in its existence," continues the reply, "it is assuredly Belgium."

"Forced either to fight or to submit to shame she evidently desires that an end be put to the unheard-of sufferings of her people; but she could only accept a peace which would assure to her, together with equitable reparations, security and guarantees for the future."

GREECE EXPECTED TO CLIMB DOWN AGAIN.

ATHENS, Saturday (received yesterday).—The Allied Ministers to-day held a conference, after which Count Bostari, the Italian Minister, was to verbally approach the Greek Government on the subject of certain reservations made by the latter in its reply to the ultimatum on the subject of the release of the Venizelists and the re-establishment of the Allied control.

While considering the reply of the Greek Government acceptable in its broad outline, the Allies are said to be loath to accept the reservations in view of the final tone of the Note. It is considered as certain that the Greek Government will withdraw its reservations.—*Exchange.*

ATHENS, Saturday.—Greek official circles are exercised over the occupation of the island of Cerigo, where a Venizelist landing is stated to have taken place before the Greek Government's reply to the Entente's ultimatum.—*Reuter.*



Breakfast on a steamer on the Tigris. The duck is a regimental pet.

GERMANS 2½ MILES FROM GRAIN CITY OF GALATZ.

Berlin Claims Capture of Vadeni on Railway Line.

Berlin, in its night communiqué (Admiralty per Wireless Press), says: On the Braila-Galat railway Vadeni has been captured. Vadeni is two and a half miles north-west of Galatz. Between Vadeni and Galatz flows the Sereth, and Vadeni is about a mile south of the river.

As regards fighting in this region, Petograd reports that the Germans attacked on the line from Kotu-Mikali, on the Sereth, as far as Vadeni, under pressure of superior enemy forces the Rumanian advanced guards abandoned Kotu-Mikali.

VILLAGE ABANDONED.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

Russian.—The Austrians attempted an attack against our detachments east of the village of Putna, in the valley of the Putna River, but were repelled by our fire.

The enemy, of a strength of about three regiments, supported by strong artillery, launched an attack against our advanced guards from seven miles south-west of Braila.

After having repelled several attacks our advanced detachments abandoned the village of Kotu-Mikali under pressure of superior enemy forces.—*Admiralty per Wireless Press.*

German.—In the Eastern Carpathians, north of the Golden Bistritza, German grenadiers entered at several points the Russian position, inflicting severe losses on the enemy. They returned as ordered, bringing to their position booty and prisoners.

South of the Otloz road the mountain summit occupied by the enemy was captured by storm. Fifty prisoners fell into the hands of the attackers.

Macaken's Army.—Unfavourable weather conditions have restricted fighting activity. A Russian advance on the Sereth north-west of Braila was repulsed.—*(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)*

THROUGH BLINDING SNOW TO VICTORY AT RIGA.

Russians' Huge Captures of Guns—10,000 Bottles of Brandy.

PETROGRAD, Saturday (received yesterday).—On the occasion of the successful Russian offensive on the Riga front, General Radko Dmirtsev, commanding the Russian troops in that region, issued the following Order of the Day:—

"Neither blinding snowstorms nor paralyzing frost, nor impassable marshes could check your ardour."

"After long hand-to-hand struggles you broke through in spite of murderous fire from hundreds of machine guns, the fortifications, redoubts, and bomb-proof shelters which the enemy has constructed during the past fifteen months."

"Among the trophies captured were thirty guns, fifty machine guns and other equipment, £16,750 in coin and 10,000 bottles of brandy.—*Reuter.*

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Western Front.—In the region of Riga, south of the Babit Lake, the Germans launched an attack on the Russian positions. Our detachments occupying positions seven versts (about five miles) east of the village of Kalncem. The attack was repelled by our fire and counter-attack.—*(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)*

U.S. CRUISER WRECK.

ETBEKA (California), Sunday.—Heavy seas are pounding the cruiser Milwaukee to pieces, and it is feared that she will become a total wreck. The aggregate loss will be about £1,400,000.—*Reuter.*

An earlier message stated that the cruiser went ashore in a fog while trying to release the American submarine H.3, which went aground some weeks ago.

NIGHT SALLIES BY BRITISH PATROLS.

Successful Enterprises Near Neuve Chapelle and Armentieres.

MORE BOMBARDMENTS.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Sunday.

9.15 P.M.—Early last night a hostile party endeavoured to raid one of our posts north-west of Gueudecourt.

The attempt completely failed, and the enemy were driven off with loss.

During the night successful enterprises were carried out by our patrols in the neighbourhood of Neuve Chapelle and Armentieres.

We bombarded the enemy's trenches north-west of Lens this afternoon with good results. Elsewhere the usual artillery activity has been most marked opposite Serre, south of Armentieres and north-east of Ypres.—*Exchange.*

HARASSED NIGHT AND DAY

PARIS, Sunday.—M. Andre Tudesq, writing from the front, says:—
The two days' battle which has just been fought on the left bank of the Aisne is something less than an offensive and rather more than a raid.

It represents the biggest local action attempted since the general attack of November 15, which attack, besides yielding 9,000 prisoners, gave to our Allies the three villages of Beaumont Hamel, Beaucourt and St. Pierre Divion.

Does this mean the culminating point of the series of coups de main engaged in for nearly a month past? It certainly shows the spirit of

WEEK OF SUCCESSES.

The revival of activity on the British front will be seen in the following events of the past week:—

January 7.—A very successful British raid south of Armentieres. Nineteen German prisoners taken.

January 8.—Our guns bombarded front and support trenches and back areas on the Aisne and at Neuve Chapelle.

January 9.—British troops carried out a successful raid on German trenches at Hulluch. Artillery activity developing. **January 10.**—Section of enemy trench seized east of Beaumont Hamel and 140 prisoners taken.

determination in the offensive of the British troops, who from Ypres to the Somme harass the enemy trenches night and day without ceasing.

In multiplying these local combats and repeating at the most unexpected localities these raids the British Army ends by establishing on its front a continued war of attack which keeps the Germans in suspense, deprives them of all rest, makes them uneasy and exhausts them.

The last battle of the Aisne lasted two days. The Boches in their redoubts thought themselves so invulnerable and in such great security that the first "Tomnies" who made their appearance found them in their shelters for the most part undressed, while many of the German officers had not even time to pull their boots on.

RAIN AND SNOW STOP THE FIGHTING IN FRANCE.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Night Communique.—There was the usual cannonade south of the Somme and in the region of Verdun.

Several enemy reconnaissances south of Berry-au-Bac were repulsed with loss.

Aviation.—An enemy aeroplane was forced to land in our lines near Pont à Mousson. The airmen were taken prisoners.—*Reuter.*

Afternoon Communique.—South of the Somme and on the right bank of the Meuse there was some artillery activity on either side.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

Western Theatre of War.—Apart from lively artillery fire on both sides of the Somme there has been little fighting activity on the whole of the front owing to rain and snow.

During the night hostile patrol advances were repulsed at several points.

TURKS PUT TO FLIGHT.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

During the night of January 12 our detachments attacked the Turks south of the village of Tane, fifteen miles north-west of Kalkit. They were put to flight, and we captured prisoners and munitions. We also destroyed their defence works.—*Admiralty per Wireless Press.*

AN ANZAC'S WONDERFUL ESCAPE.



Private J. L. Brennan (Inset) had a wonderful escape in France when a piece of shrapnel (seen in the large photograph) penetrated a water bottle, pocket book, and papers before reaching his breast. It penetrated an inch into his flesh.

2nd LIEUTENANT AND ELEVEN MEN MISSING.



Pte. W. H. Bradford (London Regiment). Write to J. Little, Prospect - place St. Thomas, Exeter.



Lee-Cpl. R. A. Brewster (Essex Regiment). Write to Filey Lodge, Queen's-avenue, Woodford Grn., Essex.



Pte. J. B. Reeves (Royal Fusiliers). Write to Keeper's Cottage, Charlwood Park, Horley, Surrey.



2nd Lt. C. G. Brown (West Surrey Regiment). Write to Moss Cliff, Selsford - road, Tunley, Surrey.



Pte. H. C. Smart (Northampton). Write to Mrs. Smart, York-place, Astcote, near Towcester.

A RAT-CATCHING FOX.



Mr. E. H. Middleton, a champion walker of the Midlands, with his fox, Jack, an expert rat-catcher. Reared on the bottle, it is perfectly docile, and plays with the terriers.



Pte. A. Lawrance (Essex Regiment). Write to Mrs. Lawrance, White's Brook Farm, Hatfield, Essex.



Pte. S. G. Keightley (West Surrey). Write to 22, Priory-street, Camden Town, London, N.W.



Rfm. H. W. Chace (Rifle Brigade). Write to 56, Elough - road, Clapham Junction, London, S.W.



Lee-Cpl. Edwards (London Regiment). Write to 6, Kingsbury-crescent, Willesden, London, N.W.



Cpl. J. H. Cheyne (Highland Light Infantry). Write to Mrs. Cheyne, at 32, Minerva-street, Glasgow.

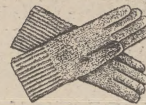


Rfm. P. Houchin (K.R.R.), wounded and missing. Write to 8, Cedars-road, Clapham Junction.



Lee-Cpl. A. E. Pickthorn (Australian Force). Write to Mrs. F. Pound, Tesson Village, near Maidstone.

WOOLLEN GLOVES



MM 82. - Knitted Woolen Gloves, principally large sizes in dark heather mixtures and Grey. Usual price 2/- 1/6
Sale Price, per pair 17/6 per doz.

Boys' Suits



MM 2. - Boys' Useful Tweed School Suits. In regulation Greys and Browns. These suits are exceptionally well-cut, and are a huge bargain. All sizes To 15 years. To-day's value 39/6. Sale Price 19/11

Men's Pyjamas.
MM 105. - Gentlemen's Medium weight Ceylon Flannel Pyjamas, excellent patterns all sizes. Usual 7/11. Sale Price 5/11

Men's Warm Winter Pyjamas.
MM 105. - Gentlemen's Medium weight Ceylon Flannel Pyjamas, excellent patterns all sizes. Usual 7/11. Sale Price 5/11

Men's Warm Winter Pyjamas.
MM 105. - Gentlemen's Medium weight Ceylon Flannel Pyjamas, excellent patterns all sizes. Usual 7/11. Sale Price 5/11

DERRY & TOMS

Great Winter Clearance SALE

KENSINGTON LONDON

Men's & Boys' Wear

DEPARTMENTS

Separate Entrance in Arcade of Kensington High St. Station.

Write for Sale List.

Army Socks

SPECIAL OFFER

MM 88. - Men's Grey Ribbed Socks, suitable for soldiers, soft for the feet and no rough seams. Also heather mixtures. Worth 1/6. Sale 6 pairs 5/9

Mufflers.

Men's All-Wool Khaki Mufflers, with or without fringe. Sale Price 2/3
6 for 17/- Usual price 4/6

Super quality 6 for 23/- 3/11
Usual price 5/6

Dressing Gowns

MM 1. - Gent's Warm Woolen Dressing Gowns, Dark Brown or Grey, bound and lined in contrasting shades, stout girdle. All sizes. Usual 35- and 42- Usual price 16/11

Drastic Reductions in All Departments - REMNANTS HALF-PRICE THURSDAYS.

MEN'S SOCKS.



MM 87. - Men's Black or Grey Merino Socks. Wool and cotton mixture, seamless, extra applied. Very strong and reliable. Worth 1/9 pair. Price 1/- 6 pairs 5/9

Pants and Vests



MM 101. - Men's Natural Wool Mixture Pants-Vests. Good Winter weight, non-wrinkle, soft finish. Worth 4/11 and 6/- per garment. Sale Price 3/8

6 Suits for 42/- 05 Men's 64, per garment extra 3/8

MM 104. - Men's Natural Wool Mixture Underwear. Medium Winter weight. No out-lets. Vests or Pants, 3 Suits 2/11

For 16/6. Worth 4/6 garment. MM 102. - Men's Extra Heavy Scotch Lumberwool Underwear for Soldiers and Sailors. Vests or Pants, 3 Suits 4/11 for 28/- Worth 5/11 garment.

Peter Robinson's WINTER SALE

OXFORD ST.

TO-DAY

YOU will be sure to find something in the items quoted below that will interest you: the prices are right and so are the goods. In each case they are

Unrepeatable Bargains.

In consequence of difficulties in transit no goods can be sent on approval during the Sale.

FRENCH ALL-WOOL DELAINE NIGHT-DRESSES with high or square necks, three-quarter or long sleeves; a few trimmed real lace, others trimmed embroidery. Also a few with Collars. Usual price 25/9. SALE PRICE 15/11

FRENCH CAMBRIC PRINCESS PETTICOATS trimmed back and front with good Val. insertions; full skirt and finished with wide ribbon beadings. Usual prices 14/11 to 21/9. REDUCED TO 12/11 and 8/11

THE NEWEST SHAPE COMBINATIONS in Cambric with plain embroidered edges and wide skirt knicker legs. Usual price 13/11. REDUCED TO 6/11

HAND-MADE FRENCH CAMBRIC NIGHTDRESS, embroidered and trimmed lace. A few Empire shape. Usual price 9/11. REDUCED TO 6/11

ALL-OVER LACE CAMISOLE, with or without sleeves, V-shape neck, finished with ribbon bows. Usual price 8/11. SALE PRICE 5/-

ODDMENTS IN FRENCH KNICKERS and CHEMISES in fine Cambric, daintily trimmed with good Val. lace insertion and ribbons—made entirely by hand. 10/- Usual price 16/11. REDUCED TO 10/-

A FEW KNICKERS and CHEMISES, embroidered in French Cambric, exclusive designs. Also a few in Linen, hand-embroidered and trimmed real lace. Usual prices 21/9 to 42/6. REDUCED TO 29/6 and 21/9

FRENCH COMBINATIONS made in fine Cambric, trimmed back and front with Val. insertions and wide ribbon. Exclusive designs, perfect fitting. Usual prices 15/11 to 21/9. REDUCED TO 13/11 and 10/11

WHITE WASHING SILK NIGHT-DRESSES. V-shape neck, trimmed contrasting colour borders. Usual price 29/6. REDUCED TO 20/-

ODDMENTS IN GOOD FRENCH NIGHT-DRESSES. All Paris Models. Exclusive designs. Low neck and short sleeves. Hand-embroidered & trimmed Lace. Usual prices 39/6 to 49/6. REDUCED TO 29/6

ODDMENTS IN CREPE-DE-CHINE and Ninon Knickers, Chemises and Camisoles; all colours, including White, Mauve, Sky and Pink: hand embroidered and trimmed Lace. Latest Paris designs. Usual prices 29/6 to 39/6. REDUCED TO 15/-

Remnants & Oddments Half-price & Friday

Thursday

Peter Robinson, Ltd.



Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JANUARY 15, 1917.

FEMININE FURIES.

WE hope that the next few days will see the dying down of the argument about who began the war—because, though indeed not irrelevant to the terms ultimately to be discussed, the time for terms has not come; and, meanwhile, this argument is no argument at all.

We on our side have begun—very late as usual—to explain ourselves to neutrals, after having refused to do it for so long. Our refusal, though it may have been foolish, was not ignoble. It was a sign of innocence. To us, for many months, it seemed indeed that any adult neutral of intelligence could make his mind up on the facts as they stared out at him at the beginning of the war. And if those initial facts were not enough, there was the confirmation of them subsequently provided by all the actions of the aggressive party in the fight. . . .

It seems, however, that explanations about the obvious are inevitable, and, so far, the Germans have done in that line precisely what we ventured to predict that they would do.

They are credited with being an extremely virile people. But their talk, logic and diplomacy are extraordinarily feminine—that is, they have the defects usually attributed, by men, to the arguments of ladies.

What does a lady do—according to self-satisfied men—if you are unwise enough to argue with her?

She begins by contradicting you.

She goes on by admitting your point.

She gets out of it by accusing you of what she has done herself.

Thus suppose—unwise husband!—that you suggest to your wife that she—well, to be frank, that she told a fib.

What will she say?

First, she will say: "I never told a lie and never will."

Then, she will go on: "And if I did I was quite right to do it in self-defence."

Lastly, she will add: "Because you told a lie first."

So with our feminine-furious friend the old tragically stagey Kaiser. He splutters he wails, he roars:

"I never began the war."

"I began it because you were encircling us."

"You are brutal, cruel. You sink hospital ships and invade innocent countries. You sell the weak into slavery. You oppress the defenceless. You sink passenger ships at sight and mock their dying. You bombard or destroy the sacred monuments of all that was most beautiful in past ages. Then you call upon your tribal god to bless your brutalities."

All this he tells us that we do. Very feminine!

Is this, then, in the true sense, an argument?

It is too foolish for delay concerning it. Best now to realise that the foe's dialectical difficulties depend upon the scarcity of potatoes. His "holy wrath" comes from his lack of beer. Leave him and it at that, briefly, and let us get on with war and loan. These splutterings of Mrs. Big Willie matter nothing at all. W. M.

AN OBULATION.

Ask nothing more of me, sweet:

All I can give you, give.

Heart of my heart, were it more,

More would be laid at your feet:

Love that should help you to live,

Song that should spur you to soar.

All things were nothing to give

Once to have sense of you more,

Touch you and taste of you sweet,

Think you and breathe you and see,

Sweet of your wings as they soar,

Trodden by chance of your feet.

I that have love and no more

Give you but love of you, sweet:

He that hath more, let him give;

He that hath wings, let him soar:

Mine is the heart at your feet

Here, that must love you to live.

A. C. SWINBUCK.

WHY DO WE NOT EAT MORE PORRIDGE?

HIGH NUTRITIVE VALUE OF CHEAP OATMEAL.

By WILLIAM CAIRD.

WHY do the English not eat more porridge?

The question is important at the present moment, because oatmeal is so much cheaper than wheatmeal, and economy is the order of the day. The chief consideration now is to obtain the highest amount of nourishment for the least outlay—and it is a difficult problem to solve.

Oatmeal, we know, has always had its detractors—on this side of the Border—but of

strange irony of fate the Sassenach should even yet acquire a taste for oatmeal the Celtic race, which has thriven so well on the much-despised cereal, may be disposed to forgive Johnson for his nasty gibe.

In these more spacious days the mentality of the Scot is no longer nurtured on oatmeal alone; yet porridge has lost none of its potentialities as a nutritious, body-building food.

A few years ago an investigation made by the National Food Inquiry Bureau disclosed the fact that "porridge had an important influence upon the intellectual alertness as well as upon the physical stamina," and porridge eaters were described in a report issued by the bureau as "much above the average in size and healthy looks, and well equipped mentally." The influence of a porridge diet on the mental balance has been proved by

THE MONEY FOR VICTORY.

POINTS ABOUT THE GREAT LOAN DISCUSSED BY OUR READERS.

POST OFFICE AND LOAN.

MANY thousands of persons liable to income tax have money deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank, bearing interest at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum.

As I understand the Government are anxious that these Post Office deposits should not be disturbed by reinvestment in the New War Loan, it appears to me that this desire will not be realised if it is not promptly announced that in future interest from Post Office Savings Bank deposit accounts will not be liable to income tax.

To be called upon to pay income tax on 2½ per cent. interest, when a 4 per cent. War Loan, free of tax, is available, will, I think, try the patriotism of our most patriotic.

WALTER MEARS.

DEBTORS AND CREDITORS FOR THE WAR LOAN!



Everybody wants his money paid back—"in order to put it in the war loan." But what about the man who owes the money? Our cartoonist suggests a compromise.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

its food value and comparative cheapness as an article of diet there can be no real question.

A Scottish housewife assures me that from three-quarters of a pound of meal sufficient porridge can be produced to satisfy four adults at a cost of threepence, and if, according to Scottish style, milk is taken as an accompaniment (instead of sugar, English style) the total cost will not exceed sixpence! In peace time the cost would be even less.

As a breakfast course, therefore, porridge has much to recommend it, and if only English prejudice could be overcome there is no real reason why it should not be found on the breakfast table of every English home.

It was Dr. Johnson who created the prejudice. "In England we give oats to horses," he said; "but if the taunt was scornful, the retort he met with was equally clever: "True, and where will you find better horses than in England and better men than in Scotland." The "national reflection," as Boswell called it, has never been forgotten, but it by the

experience in the asylums north of the Tweed. In a northern newspaper recently it was stated that insanity in Scotland had grown just in proportion as porridge—with all its brain-making properties—had been discarded in the national fare!

It may be said that porridge and Scottish patriotism go together, and therefore it is not surprising that Sir James Crichton Browne should be a strong champion of oatmeal. "One scarcely expected at this time of day," he said recently, "to be called upon to defend the merits of a food that had been mainly instrumental in giving us the Scottish peasant and the English racehorse!"

Oatmeal, said Sir James, was the most nutritious cereal and gave a better return than any other for the price paid for it in body-building and energy.

"Affluent classes," he added, "who are inclined to think that no food can be good unless it is expensive, look upon oatmeal as a food suitable for the lower animals; but oatmeal in the form of porridge is finding its

way on the breakfast table, and by experience is establishing its claim to be regarded as a food for princes that is salutary in the highest degree."

And so it might reasonably be argued that food that is good for princes and Scotsmen should not be unpalatable to Englishmen! If the truth must be told, the average Englishman has a distinct liking for porridge when he crosses the Border. Once in Scotland, he takes his porridge at breakfast not only as a reverential duty to his hosts, but because he feels at the bottom of his heart that porridge, like golf, has in it the elements that strengthen the body and stimulate the mind.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Complaints in time of difficulty are but like arrows shot up into the air at no mark, and so to no purpose, but only to fall back upon our own heads and destroy ourselves.—Sir William Temple.

HIGH INTEREST WITH SAFETY.

THE new War Loan offers investors what they have never had before, namely, high interest with absolute security. I would impress these two last words upon those who are apt to be tempted by speculative investments.

Why worry as to whether a mine will produce riches or ruin, or a new enterprise land you in Park Lane or the Bankruptcy Court, when your money can be put into War Loan at 5½ per cent. interest, and with absolute security?

CAPITAL.

PUBLIC-HOUSE AND CAFE.

AFTER reading your article on the reform of the public-house, I enclose a copy of a Belgian friend's letter which may help us to see "as others see us":—

"Dear Friend, — You ask me what the most strange to me seems here in Britain.

"The most strange seems that my countrymen I cannot meet in your public places of refreshment like as I in Belgium do, because so different are they to our cafes, where my family I may take and where my employer go and the work-people too perhaps and the girls of the office.

Little money is spent, but all is good for the health in open air and with music.

"And I many others get to know."

Your readers will appreciate the point, in spite of the faulty but well-meant English.

J. A.

SALARIES OF TEACHERS

THE average salary of assistant masters in English secondary schools, after twelve years' service, is £275 per annum.

This is the reward which the nation offers to men who have spent much time and money on university training, and who are actually responsible for the education of the country.

SCHOOLMASTER.

OFFICER AT HIS RESCUER'S WEDDING.



Sergeant William Angus, V.C., was married to Miss Mary Nugent at Carlisle on Saturday. The group, taken at the wedding breakfast, shows (A) Lieutenant Martin, who owes his life to Angus, (B) Mrs. Martin, (C) the bride, (D) the bridegroom, (E) the best man and (F) the bridesmaid. It was for saving the officer at Givenchy that Angus was decorated.

BIG FIRE AT A CONVENT.



Unearthing valuable figures from the debris at the Convent of St. Katharine, West Kensington, where a serious fire occurred on Saturday. A mother and daughter had narrow escapes, the daughter lowering her mother by a rope made of sheets and blankets.



The bride and bridegroom covered with confetti.

SALVATION ARMY WEDDING.



Captain Penfold.



Ensign Hodgson.

Captain Robert Penfold, senior Salvation Army chaplain with the Canadian forces, was married to Ensign Lily Hodgson, of Winnipeg, at Walthamstow on Saturday. Captain Penfold has been to the front.

WASHING DAY AT A GERMAN



A peaceful occupation, which they probably much prefer.

VICAR'S TASK.



The Rev. Mr. Lewis, Vicar of Oxhey, helping to clear a piece of land on which potatoes are to be grown. The proceeds will go to the Red Cross.

NO LONGER UNDER BAD 'INFLUENCE.'



Landing aeroplanes in cases on the beach at Mafia Island. Mafia Island belongs to Zanzibar, which was assigned to the German sphere of influence in 1891. Smuts has since removed this "influence."

NEAT AND USEFUL NEW PA



Of fawn satin trimmed with ermine. This is a Navy blue soft and a new shape.

T'S PUZZLE DAY TO-DAY.



The Duchess of Rutland and her daughter, Lady Diana Manners, are packing parcels of puzzles for their district of St. James'. They will be sold to-day to provide tubs for the trenches. In the circle is Lady Reading, who will be at the Law Courts.

PRISONERS' CAMP IN FRANCE.



There is a very large number of men at this camp.

MODELS FOR THE SPRING.



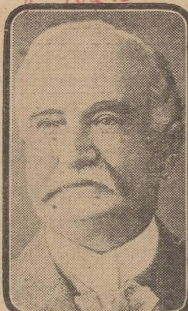
In black silk hat trimmed with gold and black lace.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM FRANCE.



Flooded dug-out in a front-line trench. Despite bad weather, we are giving the Hun no rest. (Official photograph.)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.



Mr. H. Oakley Chislett, the aged coroner for Wimborne, Dorset, who has been a chorister at the local minster for forty-five years.

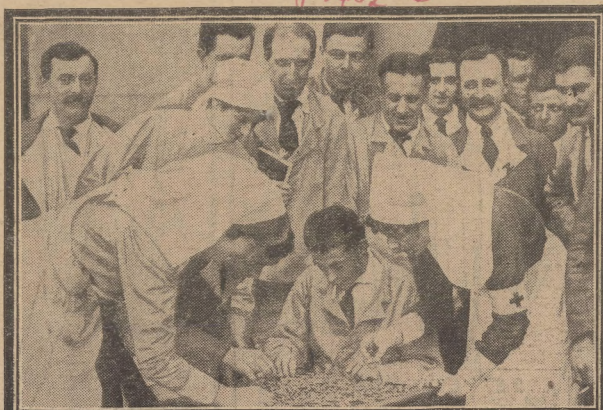


Lieutenant Enrico Daverio, formerly employed in the Sheffield tramway-car department, who has died of wounds. He won the Italian M.C.



A pump in a front-line trench.—(Official photograph.)

THE MATRON HELPS TO GET IT RIGHT.



Lady Charles Cavendish-Bentinck, a sister-in-law of the Duke of Portland, who is matron of the Mapperley-Hall Hospital, Nottingham, helping a patient to unravel a puzzle. She is wearing a Red Cross armband.

GIRL BEATER.



Girl beater at work at the Altcar coursing meeting at Lydiate. This is where the Waterloo Cup meeting is held. It has been abandoned this year.

READ THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF THIS GREAT STORY TO-DAY

THE HANDBLINDER
By RUBY M. AYRES

Esther Shepstone.

CHAPTER I.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

SOMEWHERE out in the night a woman was crying, crying desolately. The sad, rather monotonous sound broke the silence of the street and floated through the open window of a room where Micky Mellowes was wondering how the device he should get through the long evening lying before him.

Micky was in a bad temper. It was not often that he was in a bad temper, but he had begun the day badly by waking with a headache, which was still with him, and which accounted for the wide open window and the breath of icy air which was filling the room and fluttering the curtains; and half an hour ago some people with whom he had been going to dine had rung up and told him that the party was off owing to the sudden death of a relative, thereby leaving the evening long and empty on his hands.

It was New Year's Eve, too, which made matters seem a thundering sight worse. He wondered if Marie Deland was feeling as sick about it as he was. Micky was in the middle of an interesting flirtation with Marie, which had led to develop into something deeper with careful engineering on the part of her family, for Micky was a catch, and though so far he had proved himself singularly adroit in avoiding the mothers with marriageable daughters, the Delands were beginning to pat each other on the back and to look pleased.

When the sound of crying reached him he had been feeling so thoroughly fed-up with life that it had seemed impossible for anything to ever interest him again, but now he climbed out of his chair with a faint show of energy and stroled over to the window.

It was a cold, clear night, with myriads of stars in the dark sky that seemed to shed a faintly luminous light to earth, bright enough at all events for Micky to distinguish the figure of a girl walking slowly along the pathway below.

She was walking so slowly and dispiritedly that a sort of vague curiosity stirred in Micky's heart; here at least was someone probably even more fed-up with life than he himself, and with a sudden impulse he turned from the window and, snatching up a hat and coat which he had thrown down when he came in an hour earlier, made for the stairs.

He was half-way down when an apologetic cough at his elbow arrested him; he stopped and turned.

"Well, what is it?"

"If you please, sir, Mr. Ashton has just sent round to ask if you could make it convenient to be in at ten o'clock this evening, as he wants to see you particularly."

Micky looked surprised. Ashton had been very particularly engaged to that evening, he knew. Evidently something unexpected had happened to upset his plans as well.

"Ten o'clock? All right; I dare say I shall be in."

He went on down the stairs more slowly.

Out on the path he paused and looked up and down the street.

The impulse that had sent him out had died away; it was beastly cold, and much more comfortable upstairs by the fire. He hesitated, and in that moment he saw the figure of the girl again.

She had stopped now in the light of a street lamp, and seemed to be looking at something she carried in her arms—a child! Surely not a child!

Micky's curiosity was aroused. He buttoned the collar of his coat more closely round his neck and went on.

The girl had moved, too, almost as if she felt instinctively that she was being followed, and as Micky's big strides drew him abreast with her she shrank a little to one side as if afraid.

"What's the matter?" asked Micky bluntly.

They were some few yards from the lamp now, but, as she turned to look up at him with startled eyes, his yellow light fell full on her face; and Micky saw that she was a girl, and quite young and exceedingly pretty, in spite of the very real distress in her eyes and the tears that were still wet on her cheeks.

"What's the matter?" he asked again, more

gently, and waited for the pathetically shaken denial which he felt sure would come.

"Nothing—nothing at all."

"Nothing?" There was a note of exasperation in his voice as he echoed the word. "You were crying—I heard you, and people don't walk about the streets at this time of night and cry if there's nothing the matter. If that's a baby you've got with you, you ought to know better than to—"

"He broke off. She was laughing, a weak, uncertain little laugh, it was true, but none the less a laugh.

"A baby?" she said tremulously. "It isn't a baby, it's a cat."

"A cat?" Micky's voice was full of disgust. He looked down at her from his superior height with sudden suspicion. "If this was just a hoax—"

"Well, what's the matter, anyway?" he asked again.

She looked away from him without answering and there was a moment's silence.

Micky began to feel a bit of a fool; he wished he had not yielded to the impulse to follow her. After all, it was no business of his if a stranger chose to walk about his road and weep; he looked at her impatiently.

Her hair beneath its not very smart hat shone golden in the lamplight, and the little oval of cheek and rounded chin which was all he could see of her averted face somehow touched a forgotten chord in his heart and made him think of his boyhood and the little girl-mother who had never lived long enough to be more than a memory.

"Don't think I'm interfering or trying to annoy you," he said again. "But if there is anything I can do to help you—"

She shook her head.

There isn't anything... I ought to have known better than to let you hear that I was crying... there's nothing the matter, I—"

Then quite suddenly she broke down again into bitter sobbing. "Oh, I'm so miserable—so utterly miserable—I wish I were dead!"

Micky was appalled; he had heard women say that sort of thing before, and had said it himself scores of times, but never with that note of tragedy that he heard in this girl's voice.

And such a thing as that never failed. That this girl had no surplus of this world's goods he was certain, though she was neatly dressed and was unmistakably a lady. Her gloves were worn and her hair carelessly done, but her coat looked far too thin for such a cold night.

"Well, what are we going to have?" he asked. It was surprising how cheerful he felt all at once.

And what about that wonderful cat of yours? By the way, hasn't it got a name?"

She smiled faintly.

"I call him Charlie," she said.

"Well, it's original, anyway," he said with a chuckle. "And Charlie must have some milk, I suppose. I say, he's a bit thin, isn't he?" he asked dubiously.

She had taken off the shawl which had been wrapped about it, and the poor animal sat on her lap blinking in the light, a forlorn enough specimen, with a long tail and fierce eyes.

"He's been half starved," she said. "You'd be thin if you hadn't had any more to eat than he's had."

"I'm sure I should," said Micky humbly. He had intuitively felt the waste which he knew went on in his own establishment, and many others he visited; it was odd that it had never struck him before that there must be many poor cats who would not mention cats, who would be glad enough of the waste from such tables.

He picked up the menu to hide his discomfort. Then the waiter came he ordered the best dinner the restaurant could give. He was conscious that the girl was watching him anxiously. When the waiter had gone she said: "I can't afford to have a dinner like that."

Micky flushed crimson.

"I thought you were dining with me," he stammered. "I—I hope you will—I shall be only too honoured."

Her grey eyes met his anxiously.

"I've never done a thing like this before," she said, in distress. "I don't know what you are thinking of me... but... well, I suppose I was just desperate... She broke off, but she had begun to feel a little better.

"I don't suppose you'll ever see me any more, so it doesn't really matter much, but..."

"I hope to see you again, many times," said Micky, with an earnestness that surprised himself.

She looked away from him, and her face hardened.

"I suppose men are all the same," she said, after a moment. "However," she shrugged her shoulders with a sort of recklessness that made Micky frown. She leaned back in her chair with sudden weariness. "It's very kind of you," she said dismally.

"It's not kind at all," he hastened to assure her. "I'm much more pleased to be with you than you are to be with me. If you only knew it, I don't believe I could be so glad to see you again."

"I've spent this evening alone—New Year's Eve, too," he added, with a sort of chagrin and a sudden memory of Marie Deland.

New Year's Eve! Micky echoed. She closed her eyes for a moment, and Micky felt as if he were comfortable out of feeling that she was looking back on the year that was dying so rapidly, and could see nothing pleasant in the whole of the twelve months. Presently she opened her eyes again with a little sigh. "Well, I don't want another year like the last one," she said.

"Very well," she said. "I suppose I may as well."

Micky was infinitely relieved; somehow he had not really thought that she would allow him to accompany her.

They walked along for a few steps in silence. Once or twice the cat, tucked under the girl's arm, gave a faint mew of protest, and Micky smiled to himself in the darkness.

"It was the cat that seemed to give such a real touch of pathos to the whole adventure, he thought, and wondered why. He looked down at her, and she was looking at him.

"Let me carry it," he suggested.

"Carry it?" she echoed. "What do you mean?—Oh, the cat; no, thank you, he wouldn't like it; he hates strangers."

"Oh," said Micky. He felt somehow chagrined. "Is it a great pet?" he asked.

"Yes." She hunched her queer burden a little more closely under her arm. "It isn't really mine," she explained. "But they would think it in the house that I had to bring it."

Micky was dying to ask questions, but somehow it hardly seemed a propitious moment. He did not speak again till they reached the little cat of which he had spoken.

It was a quiet little downstairs place, and just now it was almost deserted.

TELL ME YOUR NAME?

MICKY chose a corner table which was partially screened from the rest of the room. As he stood up to take off his coat he looked at the girl interestedly.

She was better than just pretty, he decided when he was better than just pretty, he decided when he had seen a face that appealed to him so strongly in spite of its pathos and the tear stains round her eyes.

And such a thing as that never failed. That this girl had no surplus of this world's goods he was certain, though she was neatly dressed and was unmistakably a lady. Her gloves were worn and her hair carelessly done, but her coat looked far too thin for such a cold night.

"Well?" she said. There was a touch of defiance in her voice; the colour had risen in her white cheeks.

"Well?" said Micky with a friendly smile. He sat down opposite to her; he was thinking of his lucky stars that the Deland mother had rather than the girl he had changed into evening clothes; somehow as he looked at this girl he felt slightly ashamed of his own lazy, luxurious life and the banking account which, like the cat, he had never failed.

That this girl had no surplus of this world's goods he was certain, though she was neatly dressed and was unmistakably a lady. Her gloves were worn and her hair carelessly done, but her coat looked far too thin for such a cold night.

"Well, what are we going to have?" he asked. It was surprising how cheerful he felt all at once.

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"I call him Charlie," she said.

"Well, it's original, anyway," he said with a chuckle. "And Charlie must have some milk, I suppose. I say, he's a bit thin, isn't he?" he asked dubiously.

She had taken off the shawl which had been wrapped about it, and the poor animal sat on her lap blinking in the light, a forlorn enough specimen, with a long tail and fierce eyes.

"He's been half starved," she said. "You'd be thin if you hadn't had any more to eat than he's had."

"I'm sure I should," said Micky humbly. He had intuitively felt the waste which he knew went on in his own establishment, and many others he visited; it was odd that it had never struck him before that there must be many poor cats who would not mention cats, who would be glad enough of the waste from such tables.

He picked up the menu to hide his discomfort. Then the waiter came he ordered the best dinner the restaurant could give. He was conscious that the girl was watching him anxiously. When the waiter had gone she said: "I can't afford to have a dinner like that."

Micky flushed crimson.

"I thought you were dining with me," he stammered. "I—I hope you will—I shall be only too honoured."

Her grey eyes met his anxiously.

"I've never done a thing like this before," she said, in distress. "I don't know what you are thinking of me... but... well, I suppose I was just desperate... She broke off, but she had begun to feel a little better.

"I don't suppose you'll ever see me any more, so it doesn't really matter much, but..."

"I hope to see you again, many times," said Micky, with an earnestness that surprised himself.

She looked away from him, and her face hardened.

"I suppose men are all the same," she said, after a moment. "However," she shrugged her shoulders with a sort of recklessness that made Micky frown. She leaned back in her chair with sudden weariness. "It's very kind of you," she said dismally.

"It's not kind at all," he hastened to assure her. "I'm much more pleased to be with you than you are to be with me. If you only knew it, I don't believe I could be so glad to see you again."

"I've spent this evening alone—New Year's Eve, too," he added, with a sort of chagrin and a sudden memory of Marie Deland.

New Year's Eve! Micky echoed. She closed her eyes for a moment, and Micky felt as if he were comfortable out of feeling that she was looking back on the year that was dying so rapidly, and could see nothing pleasant in the whole of the twelve months. Presently she opened her eyes again with a little sigh. "Well, I don't want another year like the last one," she said.

"Very well," she said. "I suppose I may as well."

Micky was infinitely relieved; somehow he had not really thought that she would allow him to accompany her.

"You won't have," he told her promptly. "I've got a sort of feeling that there are lots of good things coming along for you. The luck has to change some day, other than you know, and if you've had a rotten time in the past, you won't have it in the future."

"I don't believe in luck," she said.

"Don't you?" Micky declared. "I hated the despondency in her face; he felt a strong desire to see her smiling and happy. He rattled on, talking any nonsense that came into his head. Presently he was rewarded by a little smile."

The waiter came down the room and set the dishes on the table. He gave a sort of supercilious sniff when Micky asked for a saucer of milk for the cat. He ordered an inexpensive scotch—Charlie, curled up on the girl's lap now and purring lustily.

"Of course, you know, we really ought to have a bottle of wine," Micky said dubiously. "Just something cheap, isn't it? New Year's Eve."

He would like to have given her champagne, but dared not suggest it. He was quite sure that if she knew he was a rich man she would fly off at a tangent and order an expensive bottle of red wine and filled her glass.

"Well, here's luck to the new year," he said sententiously. "And to our delightfully unexpected meeting," he added.

She flushed up to her eyes.

"Are you always as kind to people as you have been to me?" she asked tensely.

Micky blushed.

"Oh, I say," he protested. "You don't call this being kind, do you? I assure you it's just pure selfishness. I should have spent my evening alone, as I told you, if we hadn't met—and I hate being alone; but, oh, I've been so long minutes. I'm just honoured that you should have allowed me to eat my supper with you. If you knew how beastly fed up I was feeling... the world seemed a positively loathsome place."

She laughed a little; she leaned her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, looking at him with thoughtful eyes.

"Are you poor?" she asked with disarming frankness.

"Poor as a church mouse," said Micky promptly. "At least"—he hastened to amend his words—"I'm one of those unfortunate beggars who spend money as fast as they get it. I've never saved a halfpenny in my life."

This was all the truth.

She nodded.

"Neither," Micky said, "I've never had one to save."

"I have," Micky replied in haste.

"Before we go any further I think we ought to know one another's names," he said with brilliant inspiration. He fumbled in his pocket for a card, but changed his mind quickly, remembering that his cards bore the address of the expensive flat which he honoured with his presence. "My name is Mellowes," he said.

"I've got several Christian names as well, but people call me Micky." He waited, looking at her expectantly. "Won't you tell me yours?" he asked.

"NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS."

SHE was staring down at her plate. He could see the dark fringe of lashes against her cheeks. Suddenly she looked up, the colour in her cheeks. "I don't want to know my name? We shall never meet again, I—"

Micky leaned a little forward.

"If we don't," he said, quickly, "it will be the greatest disappointment I have ever had."

She looked at him with a sort of fear in her eyes.

"You don't mean that?" she said, with a little cough in her voice. "You don't really mean that you're just one of those men who say things like that to every woman you—"

She broke off, struck by the chagrin in Micky's face. "No—I oughtn't to have said that," she went on, hurriedly. "I beg your pardon. I ought not to have said it, and I will tell you my name if you really want to know. My name is Esther—Esther Shepstone."

"Thank you," said Micky. "And now we're going to drink to good resolutions for the New Year... have you made any yet?"

She shook her head.

"I've never done a thing like this before," she said, in distress. "I don't know what you are thinking of me... but... well, I suppose I was just desperate... She broke off, but she had begun to feel a little better.

"I don't suppose you'll ever see me any more, so it doesn't really matter much, but..."

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"Very well," she said. "I suppose I may as well."

Micky was infinitely relieved; somehow he had not really thought that she would allow him to accompany her.

"What's the matter?" he asked again, more

gently, and waited for the pathetically shaken denial which he felt sure would come.

"Nothing—nothing at all."

"Nothing?" There was a note of exasperation in his voice as he echoed the word. "You were crying—I heard you, and people don't walk about the streets at this time of night and cry if there's nothing the matter. If that's a baby you've got with you, you ought to know better than to—"

"He broke off. She was laughing, a weak, uncertain little laugh, it was true, but none the less a laugh.

"A baby?" she said tremulously. "It isn't a baby, it's a cat."

"A cat?" Micky's voice was full of disgust. He looked down at her from his superior height with sudden suspicion. "If this was just a hoax—"

"Well, what's the matter, anyway?" he asked again.

(Continued on page 11.)

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

All the Day's Latest News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The King and Parliament.

I HEAR that it is probable that the King will open the new session of Parliament on February 7. I believe the ceremony will not embrace all the customary spectacular features of a royal opening, but that it will be of a semi-state character.

The New Whip's Office.

Several politicians I have met during the week-end attach a lot of significance to the opening of a new Liberal Whip's office by Mr. Neil Primrose as distinct from that still controlled by Mr. Gulland. Some of them regard it as the first step in a big separate organisation.

Getting Ready.

Looking into the Labour Ministry at Montagu House on Saturday, I found that the Department has got fully into its stride and, with a smooth-running organisation, is working out plans to deal with many important questions. The conditions of demobilisation, I heard, constituted the big thing, and Mr. Hodge will have a vast organisation in readiness when the time comes.

Further Appointments.

Most people seem to have forgotten that there are one or two Ministerial posts still to be filled, but I hear the appointments will be announced in a few days. It is almost certain that the Labour Whip will be Mr. J. Parker. I think you will find that at least one other new post will be created, and in this case, too, it will be a Labour appointment.

Less Drinks.

I am told that in circles that matter there has been quite a boom during the last few days in the case for State purchase of the liquor trade. Even supposing this does not materialise just yet (and it is not at all un-



Lady Dalmeny, who is doing useful work at a munitions canteen at Woolwich.

likely), I believe that legislation for further control will be forthcoming early in the new session.

Talking Finance on Sunday.

The War Loan is still the chief topic of conversation. Yesterday morning as I was leaving church I heard three groups of men discussing the loan, and three women on the church steps also were talking about it. I should not have been surprised if the curate had referred to it in his sermon, but he didn't.

Turkish "Art."

"Lying is in the East an art more than a vice," writes Sir William Richmond in his new novel, "The Golden Chain." Judged by that test, the Turkish "officials" are most artistic productions.

Princess and Labour Leader.

War produces strange affinities. The other day, at the docks, I saw Princess Christian chatting with Mrs. Harry Gosling, wife of the Labour leader. The Princess had come to give the new Y.M.C.A. badges to the ladies who serve at the five canteens there. Mr. Gregory, the head of the Wesleyan community in dock-land, showed her round.

"Up in the Morning Early."

Early morning walks in the Park are popular. On Saturday morning I saw Mrs. Asquith, in a scarlet Paisley short coat and fur-trimmed cap, turn out of the Park and stroll along Piccadilly with her young son and a friend, Master Anthony Asquith, by the way, is getting quite grown-up in his dress. He was wearing long trousers, and had a "bowler" perched on his curly locks.

Hotels Full Up.

A Manchester friend who came to town on Saturday evening telephoned me yesterday that he had spent two hours in a taxicab before he was able to find an hotel with an unoccupied room.

A Prolific Novelist.

Mr. Edgar Jepson bids fair to become one of the most prolific novelists of our time. I see that he has written another novel, "Esther Lawes," the scene of which is laid in the West Indies. Mr. Jepson knows the West Indies well, for he was a tutor at Barbados for five years.



Mr. Edgar Jepson.

Where We Fail.

Those five years taught him at least one lesson. "My experience as a tutor in the West Indies," he once said in my presence, "has convinced me that mankind is capable of receiving instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic and the fear of God—and that he usually fails in arithmetic." Mr. Jepson is one of the most interesting conversationalists imaginable.

At the Grafton Galleries.

Saturday being the closing day of the great Canadian War Photographs Exhibition, I have a final look at these remarkable records. It was impossible! Grafton-street was lined with carriages and motor-cars right down to the corner of Bond-street.

War Pictures on Tour.

The pictures are now going to be sent on a provincial tour, beginning at the Corporation Galleries at Brighton on February 5. It only takes an hour to get to Brighton. So, if you have missed the show in London, you will have an opportunity of seeing it there.

Bond-street Itself Again.

Bond-street has long since got over its early war depression. The art business, far from suffering from the effects of the war, is in an exceptionally flourishing condition, thanks largely to the ever-increasing American demand. What dealers are concerned about is not the finding of a market for their goods, but the difficulty of supplying the demand.

Russian Anglophiles.

A Russian friend who has just arrived tells me that everyone in Russia is now studying English. He assures me the Tsarevitch is an accomplished English scholar, though French was mostly spoken at Court before the war.

Alsatian Headdress.

I saw an Alsatian peasant woman in Regent-street yesterday wearing the picturesque headdress of her country. It is becoming, and a woman tells me she thinks of adopting it as a form of war economy.

Patriotic Profiters.

"As I am investing my savings in this profitable War Loan, I wonder now if they will call me a profiteer?" asks a friend.

A Literary Triumph.

Miss Ruby M. Ayres has taught her hosts of admirers to expect something really good—and she never disappoints them. Her latest work, the delight with which my readers will turn to the opening chapters of "The Phantom Lover," which appear to-day. However much they may expect, they will not be disappointed, for Miss Ayres has given of her best in this story.

Count Benckendorff's Successor?

I hear that M. Sazonoff is likely to succeed Count Benckendorff as Russian Ambassador to Great Britain. This appointment would be an admirable one, for M. Sazonoff is one of the most astute diplomats of our time. I was attached to him when he was attached to the Russian Embassy in London as Councillor. He was a familiar figure in West End circles in those days, and one would occasionally run across him at the St. James's Club.

The Little Captain.

I have seen so many little boys dressed like Army officers that I was not surprised yesterday to observe a little fellow in a naval captain's uniform. It was complete from the stripes of gold lace on the sleeve to the oak leaves on the cap. He wore three medal ribbons and walked with an air that plainly said "I belong to the Senior Service."



M. Sazonoff.

Major-General Birch.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. N. Birch, who figures in Sir Douglas Haig's latest despatches and has been promoted to be a major-general for distinguished service in the field, is a brother of Mr. R. G. Birch, St. Asaph, who, with Mrs. Birch, secured the vindication of Lieutenant Barrett at the recent War Office inquiry.

The "Tanks" on the Film.

Everyone will have an opportunity of seeing the "tanks" to-day. I hear that about a hundred miles of "tank" films have been released for the various cinemas. These new British and Canadian war films of the battle of the Ancre were shown a few days ago to the King and Queen, who expressed their keen interest in the pictures.

War Propaganda Plays.

Sir Arthur Pinero's war economy play is likely to have results in more directions than one. A dramatist of my acquaintance is now busy writing a War Loan play.

"A Basket of Flowers."

In spite of the fact that in war time aigrettes and ostrich feathers are unpopular, hats are no less decorative. Yesterday I saw a pretty girl wearing a large silk beaver hat with a narrow black band on which was worked in colours a basket of roses.

The Cheerful Wounded.

"What surprises me in the hospitals is the immense cheerfulness of the wounded," an American surgeon said to me yesterday. "Their spirit is indomitable even when they are in acute pain. It is wonderful."

"The Little Boy in Blue."

I am glad to hear that Mlle. Lucienne Dervyle is back again in her part of Suzanne in "High Jinks." She has been absent for a week because of influenza, but has been



Mlle. Lucienne Dervyle.

cheered by letters from her "little boy in blue," who is her brother. He is now fighting for his country, and wears the horizon blue uniform beloved of all feminine France.

The Chafing-Dish.

The chafing-dish is winning popularity. I know a number of ladies who before the war knew nothing of cookery, but who now daily achieve delicious dishes with a chafing-dish—and a few ingredients! Miss Lloyd George, I hear, is an expert in this branch of cookery, and the "chafer" has appeared at some of the Prime Minister's famous breakfasts.

A Lifeboat Record.

I am told by the secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution that the number of lives saved by the lifeboats in 1916 was 1,185. This constitutes a record for the whole period of ninety-three years during which the institution has been established. What brave souls the lifeboatmen are!

Canary Puttees.

I have seen a number of young "subs" in the West End who are disregarding sartorial regulations in their desire to be "dressty." I noticed one the other day in Regent-street wearing a wonderful pair of puttees of canary-coloured kid.

War Whist Prizes.

At a whist drive I attended the other evening the hostess put up a new-laid egg as the first prize and a lump of sugar as the second. The competition was tremendous.

Judges of Joists.

War has been an education to the family man in the names and market values of the various joints served on his table. The manager of one of the biggest London stores tells me hundreds of suburban men now select and take home the meat for home use. Before the war they would have thought it quite undignified.

WHITELEYS WINTER SALE

WONDERFUL BARGAINS IN EVENING SHOES.

1550 Pairs to be Cleared at Considerably Less than Half Usual Prices.

These are all very high-class goods, and include Satin Shoes, Brocade Shoes, Beaded Shoes, and various other styles in all shapes and Evening Colourings.



Charming Hat for Early Spring wear, in Gros Grain Shot Ribbon, New Sailor Shape, Shot Navy, Bottle Green, Niger, Seville, Beige, and Grey.

Sale Price 15/11



Lady's Companion Fitted War Bag, Soft Leather, various shades, with fancy lining. Usual Prices 1/11 and 2/3. Sale Prices 1/5 and 2/3.



All-over Embroidery, Brassiere Shield, Square Collar, Preservers. 32 to 40 in. Usual Price 3/11. Sale Price 2/6.



Embroidered-top Bodice with Preservers. Usual Price 2/6. Sale Price 1/6.



Ladies' Waterproof Coat, Black Rubber-proof with detachable all-round Belt. Length at back, 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56 in. Sale Price 22/6. Useful Hat to match, 3/5.

WHITELEY'S FRINGE NETS

Real Human Hair.

Very Special Offer during Sale only.

In all Shades, Sale Prices, Mesh, Small 58 by 40 2/6, ca. Mid. 48 by 50 3/6, ca. Large, 58 by 60 3/6, ca.

Bedroom Screens.



Hand-painted Assorted Floral Designs, 5 ft. 7 in. high. Four folds. Light Green, Pink or Buff ground. Sale Price 15/6.

See Catalogue Post Free.

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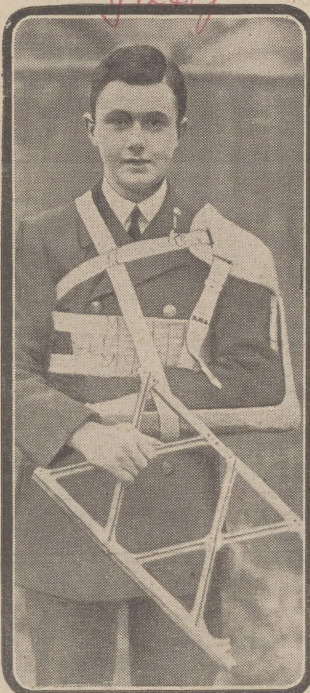
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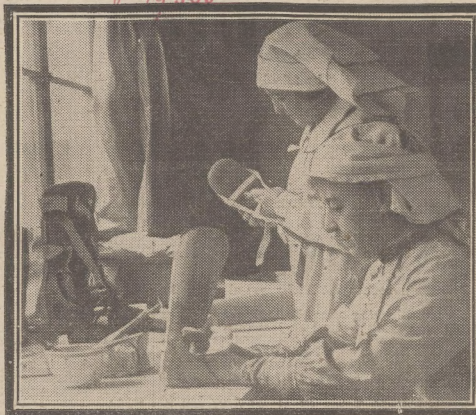
ZEPPELIN RELICS PUT TO A GOOD USE—SPLINTS MADE FROM AIR RAIDERS



At work at the Surgical Appliance Association, Chelsea, where many wonderful appliances are made for wounded men.



A splint, part of which was made from a Zepp relic. The "patient" is holding a piece of a wrecked raider.



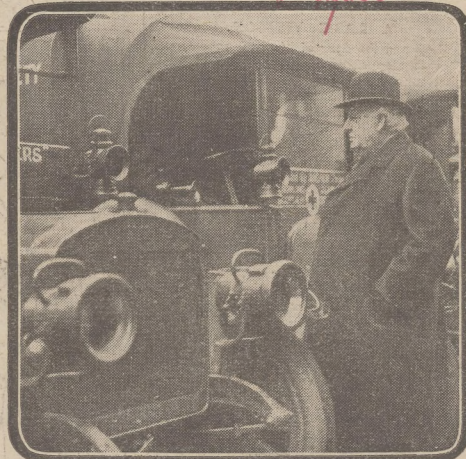
Miss Halle, a well-known sculptor, who gives her skill for the benefit of the disabled.

A QUIET CHAT AND A PIPE.



Glasgow Liberals are entertaining wounded soldiers every Saturday, and here some of the guests are seen in the club chatting to a member.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

GIFT OF SCOTTISH BOWLERS.



Sir Hector Cameron inspecting ambulances for Belgium at Glasgow. He also received two additional ambulances presented by the Scottish bowlers to the Red Cross Society.

FROM FRONT.



Found in a dug-out in France. It is signed "Yours sincerely, Dorothy."

WINS D.C.M.



Co. Sgt. M. J. Ellis Williams, the eldest of six soldier brothers. Two have been killed.

SATURDAY'S RUGBY MATCHES—FRENCH OFFICERS WATCH SAILORS BEAT CANADIANS.



Rugby still flourishes, and there were several interesting games on Saturday. The photographs show a player stopping a rush in the match between the English



Schools and the Public Schools Services and French officers watching the R.N.D. (Blandford) beat the Canadians. Both games were played at Richmond.